

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EUROPEAN CAPITAL BEGGING FOR BREAD

RACE PERISHING IN EUROPE

PITIFUL APPEAL TO THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Tragic New Year of a Once Great Empire

NOTHING TO EAT IN VIENNA

The Austrian race is perishing from hunger. Unless something is done quickly to send food to Vienna a multitude of people must die.

No man can imagine the appalling suffering that has come upon the remnant of this once proud empire. The Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Renner, is right when he says that no government can remain in office to hand out the last loaf in the country, and he dreads what must happen if food does not come and government breaks down. The sheer animal craving for something to eat will bring about such sights as have never been seen in the world.

Woods Cut Down for Fuel

"The Austrian people," says Dr. Renner, "are as mild as milk, and put up with suffering with astounding meekness, but the children are perishing of hunger, and theft and pillage have become so common, and the cases are all so pathetic, that law courts refuse to convict. The beautiful woods that have been the pride of the Viennese for generations are being devastated by people in search of fuel, so that only about one tree in three of that great nature park remains."

What is to be done? Can Europe close its Christmastide and enter on the New Year knowing that on its doorstep six million people are dying of hunger? It is a question of simple humanity, and must be answered.

Lord Haig has headed an appeal, which is signed by some of our chief generals in France, and a Vienna Emergency Relief Fund has been opened.

We have had a happy Christmastide. Food has been sufficient. Money has been spent freely. Few of us have felt the pinch of bitter poverty.

The Helping Hand

None of the things we grumble at have been matters of life and death. Families are reunited. Excited feeling has calmed down. We have all, underneath our habit of grumbling, felt the quiet glow of calmer minds. But ought we to sink in this way into well-fed contentment tinged by brighter hopes?

If we really knew in our hearts the sad condition of the Austrians we could not be happy until we had made some effort to feed, warm, and comfort them.

The Austrian people as a whole never wanted to plunge into war, though their rulers began the great struggle that has ruined their country. Ever since the war ended and the government was changed, the Austrians have behaved with excellent good sense and feeling.

New Year Will Bring Him Opportunity



A pedlar in the streets of India, where the people are to have ten years' training in Government in preparation for Home Rule

They hold out the hand of friendship, and deserve that we should clasp it.

Never did a people need friendship more than they, for the whole nation is close to the edge of starvation, and in Vienna they are over the edge. Unless relief reaches them by the time these words are read, thousands will be literally dying of hunger, and for months after the want of the simplest means for preserving life will be very great.

We have known what it was to be on rather short commons when the rationing made us thinner, though it never did us real harm. But how would you like to live on 3½ ounces of bread and a quarter of a pound of flour a week? How would you like to have a quarter of a pound of meat a month? How would you like to have no milk at all except for children under a year old? Yet that is what the people of Vienna are just keeping alive on.

Starvation at the Door

People who have been in Austria all say the same. They say there is not a child under five in the country who is strong and healthy. It is the same with the children of all classes. *The food cannot be had.* It is not in the country. Vienna has been within two days of everybody starving. The very old and very young and all the weak are dying off. People over sixty have seriously thought of killing themselves to leave

more food for the young. We all ought to feel that this must not be. They must be fed and helped.

Nobody wished it to be. Nobody foresaw that it would happen. The Austrians themselves did not see it coming, or they would not have agreed to some parts of the Peace Treaty, nor should we have required it of them.

Riches and No Bread

They owe their former enemies much money, so one of the points they were made to promise was that they would not sell any of their precious national art treasures to help themselves, but would keep them to pay their old debts.

They have most valuable pictures; their Chancellor, Dr. Renner, says they have two great pictures that would sell for money enough to buy wheat to feed all their people through the winter; but they cannot sell these pictures. They must keep them to balance their war debts. So they have riches in pictures, yet they starve for bread.

The greater and broader-minded nations—British, French, and Americans—are doing what they can, but it also is a duty that each one of us should take some small personal share in lifting from Austrian hearts this appalling load of suffering.

The address of the Vienna Emergency Relief Fund is 12, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.2.

PIXIE LOST AND FOUND

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE Dog that Vanished in a London Street

HOW IT HELPED TO FIND ITSELF

Pixie is a lady's dog of whom news has reached us through the letters that flood in on us describing the ways of domestic animals. And every word of this story is true.

Pixie's mistress was going home from the West End of London with the dog by her side, when suddenly she missed her dog. Pixie was nowhere to be seen. She had vanished utterly, and though the lady searched hastily here and there, Pixie could not be found.

After the lady's husband appeared the search was resumed, but with no better result, and so they drove home, saddened by their loss and perplexed to know how it had happened.

The next day a thought flashed into the lady's mind that seemed to bring a small ray of hope. She had taught Pixie a trick which she thoroughly understood: that was to respond to the hooter of the car. If the hooter were sounded three times Pixie understood that it was a signal for her to come, and she acknowledged the call with a bark.

The Triple Toot

The plan could but be tried, and so back to the place where Pixie was lost rushed the car, bearing the anxious mistress, who tooted triple toots up and down the street as the car went along. Suddenly, from a house close by where Pixie was missed, came an answering bark.

Pixie's mistress was quickly out of the car and knocking at the door, but for some time she knocked in vain. At last the door opened and a woman appeared, and from behind her came Pixie, all excited, to be snatched up joyfully and taken away to the waiting car.

She had been lured into a flat over a shop in one of London's famous shopping streets, and her response to the hooting of the car had saved her from a swift and sly dog thief.

Our compliments to Pixie, and a special biscuit for the great intelligence which enabled her to help in her own rescue.

RIDE OF TERROR

Smugglers on an Avalanche

Three Italian smugglers, two men and a woman, travelling on Norwegian skis over the Bernina Pass, have had an experience they will never forget.

An avalanche rolled down upon them. The men contrived to ride on it for several hundred yards before it came to rest; but the woman could not keep her feet. When the men made their way back to find her body, as they feared, they discovered her buried up to her neck, uninjured except for a broken arm.

Not often do avalanches allow such escapes from their devastating tracks.

HOW THEY GOT THERE

THRILLING HOURS OF THE GREAT FLIGHT

Pulling Houses Down to Make a Road

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

Great has been the glory of Captain Ross Smith for flying 11,000 miles to Australia, but everybody who applauded and wondered would not hear afterwards how near to failure the gallant airmen were again and again. They even had to pull down houses to make a road!

Sometimes they had to fly over storms till they were almost frozen, so great was their height. Both while flying and while resting they had bad weather, and more than once had their machine nearly blown away from the ground. But their chief trouble was with marshy grounds on which they could not get a good run before rising.

Once the mechanic had to take a flying leap on the machine as she rose, after running alongside her, and more than once the plane was bogged at night and had to be dug out in the morning.

Jumping Off a Mat

On one of the East Indian islands, where drenching rains had fallen, a road of bamboo mats had to be made to give the aeroplane a starting run over the sloppy ground. These mats were collected from all over the district, and a number of native houses were actually pulled down to provide enough mats. Captain Ross Smith tells what they did:

We had built a road for our wheels about 300 yards in length and attempted to start off. After running about 50 yards some of the mats flew up, caught in the tail, and swerved the machine round off the track; and we were once more badly bogged.

Again we dug her out, and got back to our starting place. We then decided to widen the track and lace the mats together. We succeeded in constructing a road of laced mats 350 yards long and 20 yards wide.

We then started again and succeeded in getting off, with bamboo flying in all directions from our propellers.

Message by Parachute

So they got off; but the road built out of broken-up houses was itself broken up by the aeroplane that went over it; and there was little of it left.

Later, the airmen, passing over the widest stretch of sea between the East India Islands and Australia saw below them the cruiser Sydney waiting midway.

We had no wireless on board so we dropped in a bottle, attached to a small parachute made by ourselves, messages stating that all was going well. That message was picked up.

Only by such narrow chances, dared with great risk, did the victorious flying men complete their flight to the opposite side of the earth.

KINEMA CATHEDRAL

Gorgeous Picture Palace

The biggest picture palace in the world, a very cathedral of picture palaces, has just been completed in New York and seats 5300 people.

It has cost £1,300,000, and the decorations put many a palace in the shade.

The entrance hall, ornamented with beautiful frescoes, is 180 feet long, and looks like a throne-room in fairyland. The takings exceed £1000 a day.

SELLING OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS

The Ministry of Munitions has been advertising one of Lord Rosebery's farms for sale, but Lord Rosebery warns the public that the farm is his. Since then the Ministry has advertised a lake for sale at Hornsea, in Yorkshire, and a lady writes to say that it is hers, and she has no idea of selling it.

OLD MAN LIVING FOR THE YOUNG

Making France Safe Before He Dies

HEROIC LIFE OF GREATEST LIVING FRENCHMAN

The hardest-working man in France—one of the most industrious of the nations—is soon to retire, at 78 years old. All France rallies round him. All the world honours him. Georges Clemenceau is the wonder of his age.

He works without ceasing. At an age when most men think rest and ease are due to them, this Prime Minister of France will cross stormy seas to arrange harassing business which politicians with less judgment and wisdom would only see as subjects to quarrel over.

When he is injured on his journey—breaking a rib while crossing over to England on a wintry day, hurting himself in such a way that would send ninety-nine men in a hundred to bed—Clemenceau says nothing about it, and it only becomes known after his business is done and he is back home again.

Thinking of Tomorrow

Why does this great old man work so? To him no personal benefit can come. He is already on the summit of renown.

His thought is for France when he is gone. It is the France of tomorrow, the world of tomorrow, that urges him on to heroic effort.

When Clemenceau was young, he sat in Parliament for the lost provinces of France; he was one of the men who protested earnestly against the German war theft of Alsace and Lorraine. Now that he is old he has lived to see those provinces won back, and he wants to see France safe again, so that when he is no longer here the land he loves may be free and strong and at peace with all mankind. He is giving his life to save France for her children.

Have we that ardent care for those who are coming after us? To all of us Clemenceau should be an example and an inspiration, urging us on to live for the good that is yet to be.

LADY'S CRUELTY TO A DOG

A Christmas Shopping Scene

During Christmas a woman caused a sensation in a London shop by taking in with her a strangely-treated poodle.

All the assistants within view stopped work to look at the dog, and we do not wonder, for the poodle wore boots!

Such treatment of a dog is sheer cruelty, which the lady's ignorance may explain, but does not excuse. The paw of a dog is a complex and beautifully adjusted instrument, affording perfect carriage with speed, spring and lissomeness. To confine such paws by the monstrous absurdity of shoes is an inexcusable barbarity, cramping the muscles and free play of tendons, and so causing unnecessary pain and suffering.

Is not a case of this sort a suitable one for investigation by the R.S.P.C.A.? Booted dogs may please the vanity of thoughtless people, but the faithful friend of man deserves to be spared from pitiful treatment like this.

LESLIE THANKS YOU

Master Leslie Dawson asks the editor to thank all the readers of the Children's Newspaper who have written to him, and to wish them all, in his name, a very happy New Year.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

BUT PADEREWSKI CAN NOT UNITE POLAND

Fall of a Good Man's Government

TRYING TO PLEASE THEM ALL

M. Paderewski is the most popular pianist in the world. He has played in all countries. Perhaps he knows the ways of the world better than any other Pole.

But though he is a citizen of the world, he is, above all, a lover of his native land, Poland, and when Poland gained her freedom she chose as her Prime Minister the clever musician who had kept her name before the eyes of men while Poland was only a name and not a country. So Paderewski passed from the piano stool to the seat of authority.

Now he has resigned, and the reason of his failure is that he has tried to do too much. He has tried to be both Prime Minister, attending to Poland's home affairs, which—like the home affairs of all countries after the war—are crowded



Paderewski Tries to Please Them All

with difficulties, and also to be in Paris arranging Polish business with the Allies.

Besides, Poland wants what the Allies will not agree she should have. She wants Eastern Galicia for herself, and the Allies say it must have its own government, under Polish protection for 25 years, and then have its future settled by the League of Nations. Poland is dissatisfied that Paderewski did not get better terms, and so his Ministry has fallen to pieces, and he has resigned.

He tried to please the Allies and his countrymen, and his countrymen, in the view of the Allies, want too much. You cannot "please them all."

STRANGE AIR ADVENTURE

Aeroplane Charged by a Vulture

Once more a bird has met an aeroplane and collided with it. Poulet, on his way to Australia, was flying near Moulmein, in Burma, when his aeroplane charged full tilt into a vulture, and was brought down with a broken propeller. What happened to the vulture is not reported, but may be imagined.

Poulet made a safe landing, and replaced the injured propeller, but was delayed in his flying for a day.

THESE LITTLE ONES

Well Done, Copenhagen!

Copenhagen has done a deed worthy of the city of Hans Christian Andersen, the tenderest of all writers for children. It has invited, and conveyed from starving Vienna, 600 poor hungry Austrian children, and is to entertain them through the winter months.

Denmark is one of the few countries enriched by the war, but it is not always the richest people who are the kindest. The Danes, by this use of their gold, deserve to have their deed inscribed on tablets of bronze in letters of gold.

INDIA'S GREAT TEN YEARS

CAN SHE GOVERN HERSELF?

Tremendous Experiment to be Tried at Once

STEP TOWARDS HOME RULE

By Our Political Correspondent

One of the greatest changes ever made in the government of the British Empire begins with the passing of a Bill for gradually reshaping the Government of India. A new scheme is to have a ten years' trial to see whether the many races that inhabit India can be led to govern themselves wisely when they have gained some experience.

Of the 440 millions of mankind who inhabit the British Empire, 315 millions live in India, and 245 millions of them have been almost completely ruled by British officials. The British King, as Emperor of India, is the titled head of the government, but the practical power is in the hands of the Secretary of State for India, who is responsible to the British Parliament, and, though a limited number of Indians have in the past been elected to assist in the government, the people of India have had no real power.

From 33,000 to 5,000,000

It is the foundation principle of British government that the people should elect the kind of government they wish to have. After many years of political fighting the British people have won that right for themselves. It was only slowly won, because most of the people who could vote said that the people who could not vote were not wise enough to use that privilege. Now comes the question—Are the races of India able to vote wisely for their government?

The new Act will give them a chance. If they use their power unwisely it may be withdrawn at the end of ten years, but in the meantime 5,000,000 Indian people will be able to vote for 70 per cent of their law-makers. At present only 33,000 have any voting power, so that the change is a tremendous advance.

True Spirit of Faith

This Bill passed the House of Commons unanimously, so that the gift of a large experimental measure of self-government has been given to India freely and generously, in a spirit of faith.

The difficulties ahead are great. So wide are the differences of race, language, religion, tradition, climate, education, and industry, in India that a separate plan may have to be prepared to suit the peculiarities of each of the nine provinces.

Patient development will be needed to help the backward portions of the Indian people to understand the problems of wise government, but the spirit that has produced this great measure should be great enough to make it a success, for it is a lofty and generous spirit, bent on teaching backward races how they may rise to greater power, which Britain will gradually relinquish as they become able to accept responsibility.

No Selfish Aims

We have no selfish aims in the Eastern empire. All we hope to retain in the far-off future is the loyalty of races to the British Commonwealth, which brought them into a partnership with itself, and gave them at once their independence and the protection of the Flag of Liberty.

Unfortunately, at the moment when this change is being made, comes the first news of a terrible occurrence, nine months ago, when, in Amritsar, the capital of the country of the Sikhs, hundreds of unarmed men, suspected of rebellion, were shot down by the orders of a British general.

This painful departure from all traditions of British rule is being inquired into, and final comment must be postponed; but it is felt to be one of the tragedies of judgment that may do more mischief in an hour than can be repaired in a generation.

J. D.

The Mysterious News of a Strange Wild Beast in the Heart of Africa

Exciting Hunt of Wild Creatures in Their Ancient Haunts. Who Will Fence in the Elephants?

Are there any prehistoric monsters still left in the world? That is the question that persistently forces itself from the African news.

We published a week or two ago the report of an engineer of the Belgian Congo Railway, M. Lepage, that he had seen a mysterious and terrifying monster in the wilds. It was a fearsome creature, half-elephant, half reptile, according to his excited imagination.

Though there is, of course, no such thing as half reptile, half mammal, there may be in unexplored Africa survivors of reptiles extinct elsewhere; there may be primitive mammals unknown beyond a very limited area; there may even be animals yet unknown.

It is in the hope of finding something authoritative concerning these stories that one of the greatest scientific bodies in the world, the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, has sent forth a splendidly equipped expedition, and, in order that the observation of eyes and ears should not lack corroboration, the kinema was sent to record whatever the party might see.

Monster Lost in a Swamp

But, as if to baffle this attempt to penetrate the secrets of the heart of wildest Africa, an ill fate has befallen the expedition in its early days. There has been an appalling wreck on the railway, the train being smashed. The medical director of the expedition, the operator, and several natives were killed.

Quickly on the track of this news of disaster to the exploring party comes a further story of the hunted beast itself. It is sent by a Reuter correspondent, who gives the account as it has been received from Elizabethville, where a hunter, M. Gabelle, has returned from the interior of the Congo.

M. Gabelle says that he followed up a very strange track for 12 miles, and at length sighted a beast of the rhinoceros order, with great scales reaching far down its body, with a thick tail like a kangaroo, a hump on its back, a horn on its snout, and spots with lemon-coloured stripes radiating from them. When he fired at it the beast threw up its head and disappeared into a swamp.

It is said that this description by M. Gabelle generally confirms that of M. Lepage, except that they disagree as to the colour of the spots.

AFRICA'S ELEPHANTS

Who Will Save Them?

While men are searching for these queer creatures of the past, civilisation, as it spreads over Africa, is destroying the wild elephant, which is threatened with extinction unless something can be done to save it.

The opportunity now arises to safeguard the remaining wild elephants in Cape Colony. Civilisation, with its cultivation of the soil, does not always creep forward along a broad line stretching from sea to sea. It circles round, and moves ahead by narrow ways, choosing generally the healthiest routes, so that sometimes big clumps of dense forests where civilisation has never penetrated are left behind, and it is here that wild animals remain.

In that way forest stretches have been left, even in Cape Colony, where there are still wild elephants. Most

of us would never dream that an old colony with many towns and thousands of miles of railways could have wild elephants roaming its forests, but so it is.

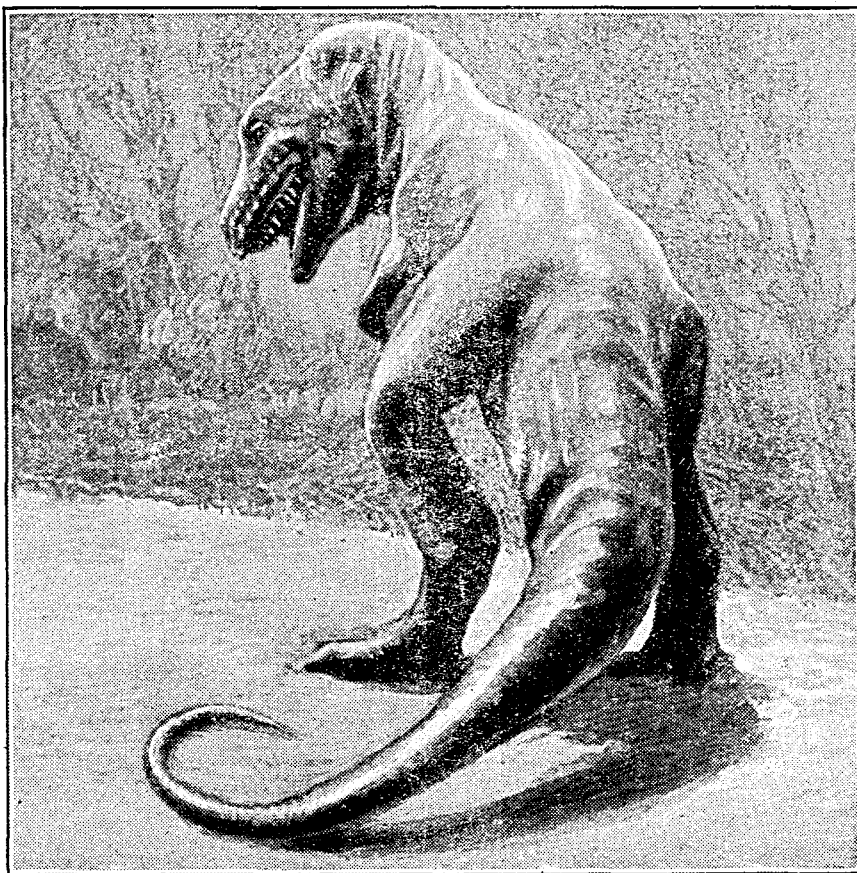
Near Port Elizabeth, in Cape Province, 200 wild elephants roam through a large patch of forest that is undisturbed, and the authorities have determined that they must kill the whole herd, which has been doing great damage.

Lovers of wild animal life have suggested fencing the forest in. But a fence to keep an elephant from going where it wishes to go must be very strong, and this fence would have to be 13 miles long. Though the materials for making the fence are near at hand, the cost would be quite £20,000. If anyone cares to spend that money he has a chance of preserving a remnant of wild

That is unique. Such an advertisement has never before appeared in any newspaper, and we may assume that by now Johnny the gorilla has got a new master.

And in the Times, too, there has appeared a letter written by one of five brothers, who, when demobilised, returned to their old task of coffee-planting and hunting big game, for zoos and museums, in Central Africa. They have just been out on an expedition to the Belgian Congo.

Their hunt took them up Mount Mikenno, and there, at a height of 10,000 feet, they captured a female baby gorilla! We wonder how. Did not the fierce, gigantic parents protect their helpless offspring? We are not told, but it is significant that the brothers have for sale the skins and skeletons of two



A Prehistoric Monster on the Film

It is said that travellers in remote parts of Africa have lately caught glimpses of a strange creature which appears to be a survival of some prehistoric creature generally thought to be extinct. This picture is from a film by Ideal Varieties

elephants in their natural home in the midst of a civilised population.

Another suggestion is that a smaller fenced-in portion of the forest shall be set up to enclose fewer wild creatures. Once wild life goes it never returns; and it is of great interest to mankind to preserve such life intact as long as possible for the sake of our far-off descendants, who will want to study the whole story of slowly-developing animal life throughout the ages.

JOHNNY HAS GOT A NEW MASTER

Baby Gorilla from a Mountain-Top

One of the most recent chapters of wild life has been the appearance of Johnny Gorilla in London. We have met him in these pages already, but a little item about him comes to hand. Something has happened, and lo! there was this advertisement in the Times: "A person wanted to look after a baby gorilla. Wage, 30s. per week."

full-grown gorillas, male and female. Possibly they come from the parents. Be that as it may, the baby is flourishing, three months old, and the brothers who captured her have offered to sell her to our London Zoo.

It is safe to predict that the Zoo will not buy, for they have had six young gorillas there, and all have in a comparatively short space of time sickened and died.

Johnny Gorilla lives and waxes strong because he was reared near where he was captured, and not brought over until he had become a big strong fellow, prepared for our climate by years of captivity in his own. But if the new baby could be reared, what a splendid playmate she would make for lonely Johnny!

Only two of the five hunter brothers set out on this particular hunt, and only one returned. These two got their gorilla baby and the two adults, they collected ivory and skins, and were making their way back to civilisation when one of the hunters became the hunted. He who had struck down

elephants and gorillas was struck down by a lion. The survivor of the trip truly says that visitors to zoological gardens little dream of the dangers encountered by the brave men who go out into the wilds and face these fierce animals in their natural haunts.

WILD LIFE ABOUT GREAT CITIES

Cunning of Monkeys and Birds

A correspondent from India sends us these interesting notes on wild life there.

Wild animals—beasts, birds, and fish—are much tamer in India than in Europe, chiefly on account of the general indifference with which they are treated by the Indians, except in the case of those animals which are considered sacred, and are fed in and about temples and holy places.

Wild peacocks are so tame in some parts of the country that they strut about the villages unmolested, but it might cost a man his life if he killed or injured one of them.

Monkeys are much in evidence in other places, and it would be almost dangerous to pass by a group of them at certain spots without paying toll in the shape of some toothsome morsels.

On the top of Jakko Hill, at Simla, we find an old shrine, an old saint, and a troupe of monkeys, the monkeys having their leaders with them—generally the biggest and most aggressive. The writer was once attacked by one of these because he was feeding a rival, but he was saved by the saint.

Bold Bad Birds of India

At other places the fish in the rivers are so accustomed to being fed by pilgrims crossing in boats that they swarm round for the parched rice which is thrown to them in such numbers that you can hardly see the water for the fish.

Kitchens in India are, as a rule, some distance from the house; and it is common for a kite to swoop down as the servant is carrying away the remains from the table, and to soar off again with the end of a joint or a chicken.

The crow, which in India is as black as he is painted, has been known to steal spectacle frames from an open shop window, and to build his nest with them. He will fly into a verandah and perch himself above a chamber-door, with wickedness sparkling in his beady eye, looking for something to steal from under your very nose.

Two Cunning Crows

The writer once witnessed an amusing little performance by two crows. A kite alighted with a bone, and proceeded to pick it. The two crows straightway flew down from the tree and began to make snatches at the bone. But the kite took no notice of them, and continued leisurely to pick it, holding it securely beneath its claws.

After a while the crows put their heads together, and then, while one crow remained close in front of the kite, the other hopped round behind and began to tug at his tail.

After suffering this indignity and being almost pulled over on to his beam ends, the kite lost his temper and turned on the crow. Then the crow in front nipped up the bone and flew off with it!

PATRICK DRISCOLL YOUNGEST ELECTOR IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

How a Soldier's Boy Did His Duty Like a Man TOO YOUNG FOR SCHOOL, BUT OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE

The youngest M.P. has just been returned to Parliament. This is the story of the youngest voter.

There are 15,000,000 voters in the United Kingdom, and one of them is too young to go to school. He is Patrick Driscoll.

Patrick is the youngest voter in the United Kingdom. He is a lively, healthy, roguish, blue-eyed boy, not quite four years old. He talks with a lisp which turns "Yes" into "Less," and he is never at a loss for a word except when strangers come to ask him about how he voted. When he came back, according to his mother, he was "full of it."

Patrick, Esq.

He was perfectly entitled to vote. His name, with those of his father and mother, appeared in the big printed book known as the Parliamentary Register of Voters for Croydon. It got there by accident, but the law is that all can vote whose names appear therein.

A long time before the day of the poll his parents knew he had a vote, for there came to the house by post several letters addressed "Patrick Driscoll, Esq." He received all the candidates' printed addresses, though he could not read them; all he could do with them was to point a grubby forefinger to the portraits, and exclaim "Man!" The poll-cards, too, were lost on him, except as something to play with.

Pat Rides in a Motor-Car

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll meant to let the mistake pass over, but an election canvasser persistently claimed the little voter, coming several times with a motor-car, till his father agreed to take him. The father is a labourer, who served in Mesopotamia.

Patrick and his father were whisked off in a motor-car to Sydenham Road Council School, where everyone, from the policeman downwards, made a smiling fuss of the tiny tot. There being no children's department in the polling station, Pat voted with the same freedom and independence as his father.

He could not read, nor can some adults, but the law provides that all such people shall vote with as much secrecy as anyone else. Every member of the polling staff is sworn to secrecy, and the presiding officer marks ballot-papers for people unable to do it for themselves.

Boy Chooses His Candidate

At least, this is done in three cases: physical incapacity, Jew, or illiterate. Pat had to be accepted as one of these. Physical incapacity covers anyone who may be blind, crippled, or paralysed; and as for a Jew, if the poll is on a Saturday, he may have a conscientious objection to marking his paper, so that is done for him. The illiterates are those unable to read.

As Pat had never been to school, the presiding officer classified him as illiterate, and read over to Patrick a declaration of his inability to read, and he signed it with "his mark." Then the officer got the ballot-paper, and asked Pat for whom he wished to vote. Neither his father nor anyone

else was allowed to overlook the business, or to prompt in any way. Pat enjoyed the secrecy which is the right of every elector. He was equal to giving the name of the candidate he wanted to support, and his paper was marked by the officer and placed in the box.

The midget voter was then quite "lionised." All the clerks shook hands with him, and he returned the compliments smartly with the military salute his father has taught him. The street in which he lives is regarded as very poor, and sometimes gets a bad name because of what some of its people do; but there is something on the good side. The street has a war shrine, and daily sees deeds of unselfishness done one toward another, if in rough and ready way. Some of Pat's neighbours did not like being "out of it" when flag days for war relief purposes were being held. And when a few collectors for St. Dunstan's decided to parade some of the "mean back streets," nowhere did coppers rain down more thickly than outside Pat's lodging-house.

Our compliments to Pat. Having shown himself to be a dutiful citizen at four, we may be sure he will grow up to show the world, as other boys have done, that even our shameful slums may turn out good and noble men.



Patrick Driscoll,
Britain's Youngest
Elector

BAD DEFENCE OF BAD BOYS

Queer Argument About Stealing HONESTY THE FOUNDATION OF ALL THINGS

In these days, when honesty, which is the very foundation of good character, seems to be badly shaken, it is saddening to see excuses made in public for rank dishonesty.

Three youths pleaded guilty in London to stealing enormous sums of money, and the defence was made by Mr. Eustace Fulton that the boys were only receiving 35s. a week. If that means anything, it means that honesty may depend on wages, an utterly scandalous argument.

The boy who would steal if he had a low wage would steal if he had a high wage. If he is so mean and untrustworthy as to take what belongs to someone else, he is mean in his soul, and more or less money cannot affect the loss of honour he has allowed to come upon him.

We protest against public defences of theft, which would allow each person to judge when he is warranted in being a rogue, and when he can afford to be honest.

The courts of law should, at least, make clear that the foundations of honesty are laid deep in honour and truth, and do not depend on the chance presence of more or less money.

USING THE VOLCANOES

The world is short of potash, but the volcanoes of the world contain an inexhaustible store. Mounts Etna and Vesuvius and the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, have 10,000 million tons. These vast stores are to be utilised.

THE WINTER MOON Why It Shines More Brightly than in Summer IF THE SKY WERE FILLED WITH MOONS

By an Astronomical Correspondent

After the Sun, the next most brilliant object in the heavens, and the most important to us, is the Moon.

Though it would take 550,000 Moons to give us the light of one Sun, the Moon's light is equal to 100,000 of the brightest stars; and as the Moon causes the tides that wash to and fro on our shores, carrying away the refuse and bearing the ships in and out of port, it is the greatest source and means of sanitation and navigation.

At no other time of the year is the Moon so brilliant as it will be next week. It is full on January 5, and for some days it will shine all night with a radiance that would enable us to read this paper quite easily at midnight.

Moonshine All Night

The Moon is more impressive in winter than in summer, for in summer the full Moon has a low altitude, shining low down near the horizon; whereas in winter it is high in the heavens, and remains shining from evening to morning in its long passage across the sky.

When we remember that we receive twice as much light from a high full Moon as from a Moon low in the sky, we can understand why the bright moonlight nights of winter seem so much like daylight. It is interesting to note that a full Moon gives ten or twelve times as much light as a half Moon, and its light is brighter between the first quarter and full than it is between full and the last quarter. No one knows just why this is.

Why the Moon Appears Larger

By the way, if the whole of the sky visible to us at one time—that is, half the heavens—were filled completely with Moons, these would give less than half the light of the Sun, for the whole of the heavens visible to us, right down to the horizon all round, would have room for only 240,000 Moons.

But not only will the full Moon next week be very high in the heavens, and visible all night, but it will be actually at its nearest to the Earth, namely 221,000 miles. At its greatest distance it is 253,000 miles, and this distance proves that its path round the Earth is not a circle but an ellipse.

Just now we see the Moon one-seventh larger than when it is farthest away, and naturally we can see with the naked eye more of the details of its surface. We should examine it carefully, therefore, during the next few days to see how many of the objects on a Moon chart we can distinguish without a telescope.

Looking at a Continent

Of course, we shall have noticed already that the whole surface is not equally bright. The dark patches were formerly supposed to be oceans, but now we know that they are plains, while the brighter parts are mountain ranges and extinct volcanoes.

The diameter of the Moon is 2163 miles, and it would take 49 Moons to make a ball the size of this world, and 80 to make one weighing as much. The whole surface of the Moon is about fourteen and a half million square miles, roughly equal to North and South America, and, as the same side is always turned towards us, we are looking at about as much land as the Continent of North America.

LOST MINES IN THE BLACK SEA

Owing to ice, British mine-sweepers are leaving the Black Sea till next spring. They have collected only a thousand mines out of 18,000 laid, but the Russians and Turks have no charts of where they laid them, and the work of searching is extremely difficult.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY THE RAREST GIRL WHO EVER LIVED. Shepherd Boy and His Tower HOW CIMABUE FOUND GIOTTO

- | | |
|---|------|
| Jan. 4. Charles I. tried to arrest five M.P.s . . . | 1642 |
| 5. Catherine of Medici died at Blois | 1589 |
| 6. Joan of Arc born at Domremy | 1412 |
| 7. Sir Thomas Lawrence died in London . . . | 1830 |
| 8. Giotto, artist, died at Florence | 1337 |
| 9. Cape Town surrendered to British | 1806 |
| 10. Penny Post established | 1840 |

Joan of Arc

JOAN OF ARC, the Maid of Orleans, is the noblest figure in the history of France, and unsurpassed in purity and heroism in the history of mankind.

She was born at Domremy, in Eastern France, of peasant parentage; and she could neither read nor write. Beyond her home duties and minding her father's sheep, religion was her chief concern.

France was divided by quarrels, and the English occupied a large part of the north and west. Thinking often of this she had visions of being the rescuer of her country, and, dressing in men's clothes as a soldier, she led the French to the attack with great success.

But the French were divided among themselves, and finally Joan was captured by a hostile section of her own people, and sold to the English. At Rouen she was imprisoned, tried, found guilty of sacrilege, and on May 30, 1431, at the age of 19, was burned.

Twenty-five years later history did her justice, and her sentence was pronounced unjust on the spot where she had been burned. Lasting disgrace rests on those heads of the Church who condemned this pure, brave, and patriotic girl, and on the English who burned her.

Sir Thomas Lawrence

A PAINTER who preserves for us faithful portraits of the notable men of his time does genuine historical work. Such a painter was Sir Thomas Lawrence, who painted hundreds of portraits between 1790 and 1830.

He was the son of a Bristol innkeeper, and began as a boy of ten to draw portraits with crayons. So clever was he that he became an Associate of the Royal Academy when he was only 21, and in later years he was its President.

Lawrence was a most unbusinesslike man, who undertook far more work than he could finish, and was often years behindhand with his work, so that his customers were in despair; but he left a great array of elegant portraits which posterity will be glad to have.

Giotto

GIOTTO, the greatest of the early Italian painters and builders, was born about 1266.

Cimabue, the best Italian painter of that time, found the boy, then aged ten, drawing one of his father's sheep on a flat stone, and he drew the sheep so well that Cimabue took the boy into Florence and taught him painting.

The young artist continued to draw things as they are, and soon became famous. Most of his pictures were painted on the walls inside churches, and have been destroyed, but many that were whitewashed over have been preserved from decay by the whitewash, and these are now revealed.

Giotto has won everlasting fame as an architect by the lovely tower which still stands by the Cathedral of Florence.

The Italians have a saying "As round as Giotto's O," which means perfect. The saying comes from what the artist did when, one of the Popes asked him to send a proof of his skill—expecting a picture. Giotto dipped a brush in red paint, and on a large sheet of white paper, with a single sweep of his arm, made a perfect circle.

It has enough iron ore, Lord Morris declared, to supply the needs of all the world for the next hundred years.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 3 1920

Oh, for a Book and a
Fireside Nook

IN the lovely round of the changeable year we have come to the time which many feel to be best of all, because it is the homeliest and most helpful.

Close the shutters, draw round the fire, turn on the cheerful lights, settle contentedly in your chair—and now for the books of winter that will carry us farther on the wings of imagination than any aeroplane can do.

Winter is the time for making up our account with books. "A book of verses underneath the bough" is very well for a loiterer's pleasure in summer, but in winter we settle down to the glorious business of reading. Once catch the true spirit of the joyous reader and there is nothing to compare with journeyings through the world of books.

Dear Charles Lamb, as lovely and tender a soul as ever found expression in a book, declared that one of the reasons why he did not want to die was that hereafter he might find knowledge coming to him in some other way than through a book, and he grudged losing that familiar companionship.

How much you miss if you miss the joy of books can never be guessed; it must be tried and known, and some people will never try it and never know. The gossip-loving farmer's wife in one of Tennyson's poems is a warning with an undertone of sadness below its humour.

"Books! what's books?" she asks scornfully, and then she answers her own question—"Books, as thou know'st, beant nowt." When she heard of the squire buying old books she "know'd he'd come to be poor."

What use would there be in telling her that books may be the thrilling inspirers of youth, carrying us to the uttermost parts of the earth, and air, and sea; that they contain the ringing calls which stir the hearts of men to heroic duty, and to attempt even splendidly impossible things; that they are the storehouses of knowledge which is ever growing; and that through all our years they remain one of life's most certain comforts?

In books the past of mankind is embalmed for ever. Even Tennyson's farmer's wife herself, scorning books so heartily, will live on in human memory because she has been put in a book. She would not understand that, or value it, but people who are wide-awake to the romance and meaning of the full, far-reaching world will welcome afresh the cosy season now upon us, with all its promise of adventure in this magic land of books.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Now We Know it is Lucky

A GROWN-UP paper tells us that a lady in Beaconsfield was walking down her garden when she found a sprig of four-leaved clover, and afterwards, as she was walking down London Road, she found a Treasury note.

We have always thought it lucky to find a Treasury note, but how many thousands of people are there who believe that the Treasury note would not have been lying in London Road if the four-leaved clover had not been lying in the garden path? A very curious world it is!

Proverb of the Day

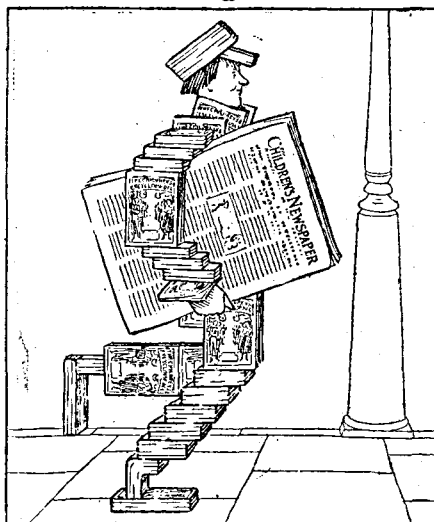


To Our Elders:
The Young Cock Crows as He Hears the
Old Ones Do

Lost Treasures of the People

ONE of the most interesting rooms in all the world is the Gallery of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum, and it seems a pitiful thing that this magnificent place, which attracts travellers from all over the world, should still be closed to the public because the Government will not take the trouble to find some other room for the 120 girls working there.

The shutting-up of the museums during the war was hardly a shining deed of wisdom, but it is a scandal that the second Christmas of the Armistice finds our picture galleries and museums still in the hands of clerks. The nation that hides its treasures from the people in order to find room for clerks has much to learn; it has not got very far in the alphabet of true wisdom.



The life of the paper-boy is threatened
by the invention of a penny-in-the-slot
newsboy in America

We Should Like to Know

Whether the committee appointed to wind up the Exhibition of 1851, and still sitting, will wind it up in time for the Millennium.

He Believes in Force

ONE more pessimist, this time speaking in company with that great optimist the Prince of Wales.

The poor pessimist is Major-General Sir Geoffrey Feilding, who announces to the world that he does not believe in the League of Nations.

"I believe in force," he says; and the answer leaps to the pen from not very ancient history, *So did Germany once.*

Tip-Cat

LADY ASTOR wishes to be regarded not as a curiosity, but as a working Member of Parliament. But are they not the same thing?

Better than any New Year past: A New Year present.

So far from bringing the Kaiser to justice this Christmas, they did not even hang his stocking.

A really charming woman, says Miss Helen Forbes, brings her own atmosphere. Which is not to say that she gives herself airs.

Can the cock-a-doodle doo what the Katy-did?

A butcher has found a gold watch inside a pig. Procrastination is not the only thief of time.



Peter Puck much regrets that he could not
accept all his invitations to celebrate the
New Year with our readers

M. Cambon thinks there will always be quarrels between nations, and diplomats will always have to be called. But he doesn't say what!

Riches have wings, but a ten-shilling note is no use as a fly-paper.

Mr. Bonar Law admits that many ministers have changed their minds over and over again—so often that we do not seem to know which mind now belongs to them.

Sayings of the Weak

I didn't do it on purpose. The Housemaid
I couldn't help myself. The Tippler
No luck. The Gambler
It's a rotten world. . . . The Rotter
I'm afraid I'm late. . . The Flapper
Tut! The Golfer
If only you had told me. The Slanderer

Remember Vienna

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." HENRY DRUMMOND

The English Girl's Song

LET every English girl each night,
To close each wholesome day,
Put off her cares like garments white,
And bare her soul, and pray:

O You Who sowed the sky
with spheres,
And starred the earth with
flowers,
Who piloted thro' ancient years
This radiant land of ours,
Stoop now from endless heights
above
And grant me my desires,
To serve the four dear kin I love,
Two mothers and two sires.

GOD, make me worthy of my
birth,
And worthy of my line:
One father comes of English earth,
One Father is divine.

ONE mother gave me life, and one
Is England's noble realm
That, like a galleon in the sun,
With Honour at the helm,
Is riding on the running sea,
Christ's colours at the mast,
To glorious havens yet to be
From battles of the past.

OH, England is a garden land,
And every home a plot;
God, grant me faithful heart and
hand,
And fit me for my lot.

MY Father's Father! let me grow
No false and poisoned weed;
My Mother's Mother! let me blow
A rose of royal seed.
For England is a garden fair,
And every home a plot,
Where women with God's angels
share
The burden of her lot.

LORD, let the beauty of her
shires,
And towns, and hills that roll,
Daze English eyes till it inspires
Our hearts, which make her
soul. HAROLD BEGBIE

PERSONAL

YOUNG SOCIETY LADY, aged eight, willing to act as chaperon during the holiday, to rich uncle who may have mislaid his own niece. No objections to pantomimes. Can eat anything.

GENTLEMAN IS DISPOSING of sugar-stick, nearly new, one-third original cost. Lovely pale shade. No dealers.

ENTERPRISING GENTLEMAN of thirteen, cramped in present sphere, seeks post of responsibility and danger. Willing drive train; bell-ringing a speciality. Lion-taming might suit.

BROTHER WISHES to find bad home for baby sister (complete surrender). Very amusing, considered pretty. Suit anyone without valuable clockwork toys.

IF the gentleman who ran a pin through another gentleman's balloon by the Round Pond on Thursday, has courage to repeat dastardly outrage on Saturday, the gentleman in the sailor-suit will have pleasure in introducing him to his big brother.

TUTORS, NURSES, and GOVERN-ESSES disposed of. Captain Hook, Jolly Roger, Portsmouth. Particulars sent in plain wrappers.

Tin Gods

IT is good to know that there is a great slump in tin soldiers in the toy shops. Our little men know better than to put their trust in gods like these, and we hope to see the end of these tin kaisers.

ARMS FOR HEROES THE KINDEST INVENTION EVER HEARD OF

Splendid Achievement of a
Workman's Brain

A NOBLE THING FOR A RICH MAN TO DO

Three hundred British soldiers have lost both arms, and cannot feed themselves. They lost their arms while they were fighting for you. Is it not too sad for words?

Yet with the New Year comes hope for all, and for these there is a splendid hope, for a Scottish working man, a gas-fitter named George Thomson, has produced what may be the kindest invention that has come from the brain of man.

By the use of this invention, which is not costly, anyone who has no arms can not only feed himself, but can do all manner of things that you do without thinking how clever your hands are.

What an Armless Man Can Do

Mr. Thomson has been showing his invention and delighting the doctors, who now see a clear hope of helping the armless to help themselves.

Here are some of the things the inventor did by working with his toes, under a table, machinery standing on the table.

He cut meat with a knife and put it in his mouth with a fork, ate soup with a spoon, drank tea, and washed up the plates, cup, and saucer; he washed his own face and the back of his neck, put a cigarette in his lips, opened a box of matches, and lighted the cigarette, turned over the leaves of a book, found a place in it and wrote entries, cut paper with scissors, and worked a sewing-machine and a typewriter. His use of the machine hands, moved by his toes with the help of levers, was so delicate that it served to pick up a pin, yet it was strong enough to mend boots.

A Great Benefactor

Clearly this invention, which no doubt will be further perfected, restores to the armless man a large degree of self-reliance. No longer will he be helpless if other people are not helpful. How proud George Thomson must be to confer these benefits on maimed men! And not only he, but we, too, should be proud—of him; all who feel sympathy towards sufferers will feel deep gratitude for this clever invention.

In connection with this fine invention and the possibilities of the training of armless cripples, mention may be made of a boy now in the Heritage Craft Schools, at Chailey, Sussex, which are associated with the Princess Louise Special Military Surgical Hospital at the same place.

Boy and His Pictures

This boy, who lost his arms by being caught in the machinery of an aeroplane works, has learned, during 18 months at Chailey, to draw with his feet, and has become very clever at his work. He has quite a little gallery of pictures in colour.

An appeal is being made for these Chailey Heritage Craft Schools, where crippled children, military patients, and staff number 386. A sum of £10,000 is needed to meet the cost of expanding the work, there being now 150 children, chiefly surgical cases and mostly war orphans, seeking admission.

The treasurer is Bishop G. F. Browne, 2, Campden House Road, Kensington, W.8., and we warmly commend the work of these homes to the generosity of our readers.

Photographs on page 12

A DOG BATTLES WITH A STORMY SEA

During the terrible gales that have been raging over the North Atlantic, hundreds of ships were in great danger. The most exciting scene of all occurred off the rock-barred coasts of Newfoundland, when a coasting steamer, with 92 men, women, and children aboard, was driven on a dangerous reef.

She was visible from shore, but no boat could live in such a sea. On board was a Newfoundland dog whose owner made the intelligent creature understand that its duty was to swim ashore.

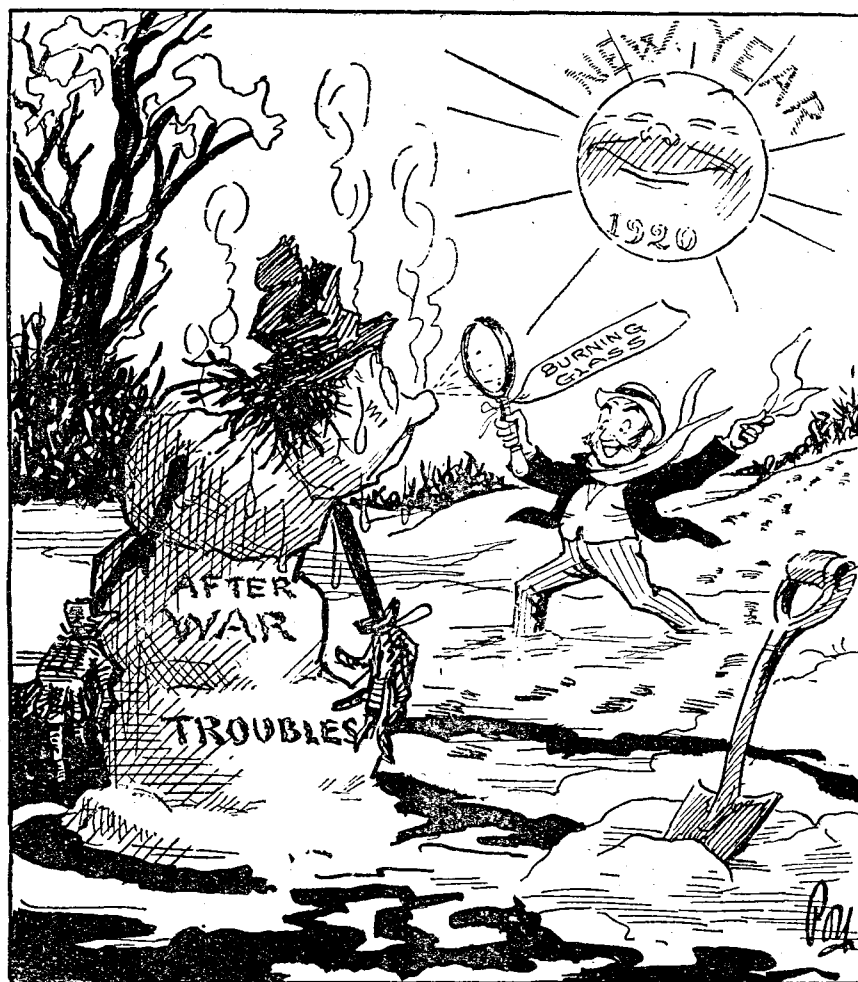
With a light cord tied round it, the dog plunged into the boiling waters,

watched eagerly by all on board, and with marvellous endurance battled its way to the shore.

To the cord was attached a rope, which was swiftly hauled ashore, and along the rope communication was opened with the ship. Soon 92 people were passed along to the shore with the help of the rope, the youngest being a child 18 months old, enclosed for safety in a mail bag.

The Newfoundland, most powerful of water-loving dogs, has often done noble deeds in saving human life, but has seldom made so splendid a rescue.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST



John Citizen does his bit to see that "All our troubles melt away like a snowman on a sunny day"

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A fox ran through one of the shopping streets of Weybridge the other day.

Somebody who has felt a draught in Chertsey Church has sent £5 anonymously to buy curtains.

Fourteen Million Pounds Lost

It is reckoned that the American Coal Strike cost the mine owners and workers more than £14,000,000.

A Famous Ship

The River Clyde, the famous ship which landed our troops at Gallipoli, is to be sold to the highest bidder.

Death for a Profiteer

Paderewski, just before he ceased to be the Polish premier, signed the death warrant of a millionaire convicted of profiteering on a large scale.

Ships and No Ships

Austria started the war with a large merchant fleet, and has lost it. Serbia started without a fleet, and ends with 250,000 tons of shipping.

A Happy Christmas

For the first time in American history, Christmas has been kept without the sale of alcohol throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Manuscripts Demobbed

Just before the war the original manuscript of Byron's Childe Harold and a manuscript of Sir Walter Scott were sent to Leipzig for exhibition. Their fate was unknown, but they have just come back safely to London.

There were 3000 more street accidents in London last year than the year before.

Since last May 25,000 civilian passengers have flown over 300,000 miles, and only one has been killed.

A Lucky Dip

A fishing-boat returning to port ran into a shoal of herrings and, letting its nets down once, caught £600 worth.

Cocked Hats for Councillors

There are to be great sights at Wrexham. The Town Council has decided to buy cocked hats for the councillors to wear on state occasions.

No Short Hours for Nurses

The Chairman of the London Hospital says that a 48-hour week for nurses would mean 300 more nurses, involving an expense that no hospital could stand.

The Atlantic Aeroplane

The aeroplane in which Sir John Alcock made the first flight across the Atlantic is now being shown in the Science Museum at South Kensington.

Rapid Transit!

Recently three railway trucks full of goods urgently needed took three days to travel 80 miles. The Ministry of Transport is evidently getting to work.

The Hawkers

The street hawkers who were selling Christmas toys in London included two men who had been solicitors, one an artist, one an engineer, and one a dentist; and some were demobilised soldiers.

MASTER OF US ALL GOVERNMENT FOUND DOING WRONG

How It Must Obey the Laws of
Parliament

SUPREME POWER IN THE COUNTRY

By Our Political Correspondent

The Government of this country is not master of the country. Nor is the King. Law is our master.

If the Government wants to do anything, it must create a right to do it by passing a law through Parliament, saying that the thing may be done.

Under the stress of war many things have to be done swiftly that would not be done in peace times; but each thing done must have the sanction of law.

Now the war is over we are finding out that the Government has been doing certain things that were not allowed by the law, and it is being brought before the Law Courts to be tried for its breach of the law, just as any private person would be tried if he did the same, though it will not be punished, as its intention was good, and its legal advisers thought it was doing what the law allowed.

An Ancient Act of Parliament

It is a very fine thing that the Government of the country cannot escape the law. If it has done wrong, it must be told plainly where it went wrong, so that the offence will not be repeated; and possibly damages may have to be paid to people injured by the wrong-doing.

What happened was that an old Act of Parliament was found which the Government's advisers said would allow the stoppage of certain goods from being brought into England—chemical goods from America. When these goods arrived, they were seized by the Government's orders, because a Proclamation had been made forbidding their entry.

Government Breaks the Law

But the real question was—did the law allow those goods to be prohibited? A very wise and fair-minded judge says the law did not allow the Government to seize the goods.

So the Government stands condemned—unless a higher court decides in its favour—as a breaker of the law. Great is the Government, but greater is law. By it we are all ruled and judged, and neither governments nor persons may break the law carelessly. They can alter it; but till it is altered it is the master of us all. J. D.

QUEER FIX IN A BOAT

A Cornish Fisherman's Endurance

A remarkable instance of physical endurance is reported from Plymouth.

A Cornish fishing lugger, with the pretty name of Glance, was making for the harbour through a dense fog, with 5000 herrings and mackerel aboard her, when she was badly holed by a jag of rock, and at once began to fill.

The only plug available for stopping the hole was made by the coats of the crew, which could only be kept in place by someone standing on them. That duty was taken by Ernie Brown when the water was up to his armpits, and he stood in that amount of water for five hours while the lugger was slowly brought ashore, a rise in the water being prevented by continuous pumping.

Though Brown "could not feel his legs" at the finish, he soon recovered, and was no worse for his long cold bath.

A RUSSIAN WE CAN TRUST

Prince Kropotkin in His Old Age

"A WHOLE GENERATION IS PERISHING"

Nobody understands quite well what is going on in the mind of Russia. Who can tell us? There is war everywhere, and the most populous nation of Europe flounders helplessly through bloodshed.

What people outside Russia need is to hear the real thoughts of people who actually know what is happening and what is being thought, and are able to judge wisely. But Russians of that type are few.

One of them is Prince Kropotkin. He is a thoughtful and learned Russian, and a sincere patriot. For many years he lived in England writing books in Kent, some of them books about our country which have been helpful to us all. He came here as an exile from his native land because he could not rest content with the rough and tyrannical government of the Tsar.

A Broken Vision

After the Revolution, however, Prince Kropotkin went back home, happy in the prospect of settling down at last in peaceful old age. But his vision, alas, has been sadly broken. Again and again news has come that he, great patriot though he is, has been killed by the Bolsheviks; but those reports were happily untrue. He is living quietly near Moscow, and watching what is occurring unmolested.

He has now been writing to a friend, and what he says is that a whole generation of Russians is perishing for want of bread, and that trade is at an end; but yet, he says, it would be best to leave the Russians alone to work out their own plan of government as well as they can.

They must do it for themselves without interference. What other nations can do is to help them with food and tools and goods that will enable them to work, produce what they need, and keep alive. "Pity us, and trade with us, but leave us to settle our own government, and keep your soldiers away, and sooner or later peace and order will be reached."

That is the advice of Prince Kropotkin, this old patriot and friend of England, writing from the midst of the Russian turmoil.

WASTING BLACK DIAMONDS

The Worst Thing to do with Coal is to Burn It

The most wasteful thing we can do with coal is to burn it, according to an educational film just issued by the Automobile Association.

With an ordinary fireplace nearly three-quarters of the heat flies up the chimney, while, by allowing the smoke to pour away and form choking, dirty fogs, we are not only contaminating the air, but also squandering the "by-products" in which coal-smoke is rich.

This interesting picture shows the different articles—from a battleship to a sugar-stick—that coal will help to make if it is scientifically treated. By cooking the coal in ovens we may obtain coke for the manufacture of pig-iron, ammonium sulphate for manure, tar full of chemical products, such as carbolic acid and saccharin, and benzol.

One ton of coal scientifically treated will produce, among other things, enough benzol to drive a side-car 150 miles, or to carry 20 miles in a lorry enough meat to last 1800 people a week.

"Coal: Its Waste and Possibilities" is the title of this interesting picture.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

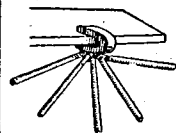
Things Just Patented

By our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information.

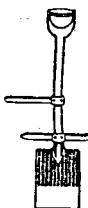
A USEFUL CLOTHES AIRER

This is an attachment for fitting on to a mantelpiece. A number of rods working on a screw can be moved at any angle, and clothes hung over them as over a line. In this way quite a number of garments can be hung in front of a fire.



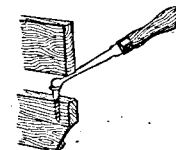
A SPADE ATTACHMENT

An attachment can be fitted to any garden spade or fork to regulate the depth of digging, and another attachment higher up can be used as a lever handle to assist in turning the tool after the blade has been forced into the soil.



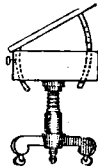
A USEFUL SCREW-DRIVER

This screw-driver has a circular end sharpened all round so that it can be inserted in the screw-head at any angle, and it can be used for turning screws that are in awkward positions and cannot be reached with an ordinary tool.



AN ADJUSTABLE DESK

The desk has a top which can be moved to any angle by means of curved pivoted bars, and the height can be altered in the same way as the old-fashioned screw music-stool.



A FUNNEL WITH A GROOVE

This funnel has a groove running round the inside from top to bottom, and thus facilitates the even flow of the liquid. Outside, the groove forms a screw thread, and helps the funnel to be placed firmly in the neck of a vessel while in use.



A FLEXIBLE RULER

A flexible ruler that can be curved to any shape for ruling curved lines. It is made of spirally-wound tapes glued to a strip of flexible material.



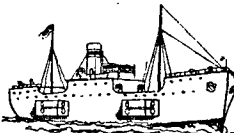
A HELP FOR GOLFERS

This device holds the arms in the correct position, and thus enables a beginner to develop a good style. It consists of an elastic band attached to the arms and passing through the loops of a waist-belt.



AN AIR-STEERED VESSEL

The vessel is fitted with draught conduits open at the front and rear, through which the passing air exerts pressure on the upper surface, tending to produce buoyancy, and thus lightening the load. Propellers are fitted in the conduits, and can be used for steering the ship.



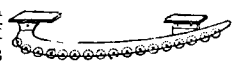
A VEIL TO FIT THE HEAD

This veil is made to fit the head, and is slipped over in the same manner as a beekeeper's net. An elastic band all round holds it firmly in position when it has once been put on.



A ROLLER SKATE LIKE A REAL SKATE

The curved runner is fitted with a series of rollers, one behind the other, and the effect is much more like that of using real skates on ice than of moving on an ordinary roller skate of the usual pattern.



HOW THE STREAM LIGHTS OUR VILLAGE

A Yorkshire Hamlet Wakes Up

By One of the Village Boys

It is not every village that has its own electric lighting installation, but this is so in the case of the village of Holme, a place of some 700 inhabitants, which is situated within two miles of the southern border of Yorkshire.

Above the village rises a spur of the Pennine Chain, and it is in these mountains the river Holme finds its source.

It was not until a few years ago that the villagers realised what use they could make of this gushing stream by harnessing it so as to produce electricity to light their houses. When they did, the village fathers set to work.

A company was formed, and an old woollen mill no longer in use was pulled down, and in its place an electric power station was built. An old mill dam, which had become filled with sludge, was cleared and used to hold water in reserve for use in the event of a dry season.

Lights for a Penny a Day

A firm of electrical engineers was then called in, a dynamo connected to a water turbine was installed, and wiring operations were begun, the villagers helping to set up the poles to carry the wire.

The stream was then turned from its usual course and made to drive the turbine, thus producing electricity to light nearly every house in the village.

The result of this is that by using water-power as a means of illuminating their houses the villagers have only to pay thirty shillings a year for the use of three lights, and four shillings a year for each additional light.

Thus the villagers of Holme get a good, clean, and convenient light at small cost, and they are not dependent on coal supplies for illuminating purposes, as some towns and villages are, but draw their lighting power from the never-ending supply of water from the hills.

ROADS AND RIVERS

Who Shall Manage Them and How?

CONTROL OF LAND & WATER

England is growing wiser. She knows at last that her roads should be managed as one great system and not as a thousand little bits under a thousand squabbling "authorities." She is also beginning to think that rivers should be managed in the same way.

A river should be treated as one for all purposes—for drinking, fishing, milling, carriage, drainage, and navigation; but there is no general authority over most of the rivers, though they are the veins of the country. A start with complete management is being proposed for the Great Ouse, which drains parts of the uplands of Northamptonshire and Bucks, and the lowlands of Bedfordshire, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Norfolk, and the Isle of Ely.

It is said by the surveyors of the Ouse basin that by managing the river as a whole, from its source to its outlet in the Wash, for drainage purposes, half a million acres of land would be made more fertile.

Yet no doubt this excellent scheme will be resisted by those who think that everyone concerned with a small bit of the river ought to do what he likes with it, regardless of the interests of others above or below him on the river and the good of the country as a whole. We have to learn to think of all and not of ourselves alone; we have to come to see that patriotism is higher than selfishness, and that the good of all is the good of each.

WIRELESS FOR TRAINS

The Japanese Government is going to equip its railway trains with wireless, to be used in place of other signals which sometimes fail during storms.

WORLD'S OLDEST CITY?

What an Airman Found in Old Babylon

OUR TOWNS WILL PASS AWAY

Those who see in Rome the remains of the ancient Roman Forum are usually surprised to find that these are far below the level of the modern city. They were covered by the dust of ages, and so hidden.

There are parts of Canterbury Cathedral which have been hidden in the same way, and very old cities have been completely covered up by the hand of Nature after they fell into ruins.

The site of such a city, which must have been one of the oldest in the world, has just come to light in Mesopotamia, on the banks of a river where ancient Babylon stood.

A British airman, flying over that country, saw on the banks of a great river what seemed to him like the outlines of streets, squares, market-places, and main roads. He examined the spot carefully, and brought back word that he could see plainly what the plan of the city had been.

It was a very large city, almost as large as London without the outer suburbs, and it must have been inhabited by millions of people, probably Assyrians, about 3000 years ago. Only from the air could any trace of this city be noticed.

It is hard to believe that cities will pass away and leave scarcely any signs to mark their sites, but, in truth, our cities will decay more quickly and completely than those of the past, for they are built of more perishable materials.

ILLIMITABLE RICHES OF THE EARTH

New Sources of Oil and Gold

HOW JACOB COOK STUMBLED

Every day the earth yields up to man its illimitable wealth. Two things all nations are crying out for—oil and gold—and discoveries of both come into the news this week.

The discovery of oil was announced by Sir Marcus Samuel, who told a meeting of petroleum experts that within the last few weeks three oil wells have been reached in a new field, yielding 30,000 tons of oil a day.

The discovery of gold is said to have been made on the British side of the Yukon River, and tales of marvellous finds have come to hand. One man is said to have appeared with a boat-load of sacks filled with gold.

A quaint figure in the news is old Jacob Cook, a Red Indian, who is said to have been on his way to his cabin in the Copper Lake region, north of Manitoba, when he stumbled over a rusty spur of quartz. In an ill-temper he struck the quartz with his pick, and in a few minutes, the story goes, he opened up a streak, four inches wide and several feet deep, of pure gold.

THE WOMAN'S HOUSE

And Not Before Time

The town of Wigan has set an excellent example by resolving that all housing plans in the town shall be passed by two women.

It is quite time, and we should like to see the Royal Society of British Architects follow this good example.

It is not long since a distinguished member of this society, building a house at a cost of many thousands of pounds, gave it a beautiful larder, with the hot-water tank above it, the warm kitchen beside it, not a square inch of ventilation, and—hot-water pipes running through it.

HARD TIMES FOR THE BIRDS

Hungry Heron Goes Hunting

SNAILS IN THE CELLAR

By our Country Correspondent

One of the largest of our common birds is the heron, and most of us know it by sight. We have probably seen it on the wing, or perhaps standing perfectly still up to its knees in water, watching silently for a fish.

Suddenly it darts its head down, and in less time than it takes to record it brings up a small fish, which it crushes and swallows head foremost. Larger fish are spiked on the bill, and often carried away to be eaten, while eels are generally taken to the bank and beaten to death on the stones. Frogs are swallowed whole, and water rats have their skulls broken before they are eaten.

Heronry in London

Just now, however, when a spell of cold weather fringes the pools with ice, the heron finds the times hard, and has to go farther afield for food. Little comes amiss to him. Mice, voles, and young rabbits are great favourites, and in searching for them the heron will travel fifty miles or more from the heronry. He is sometimes seen in snow-covered fields, where he is probably on the look-out for moles.

It is interesting to know that there is a heronry in London. It is situated at Wanstead Park, and though in the last thirty years the city has grown right round the park, the herons still nest there as readily as ever.

Birds Looking for Beechnuts

Hérons are sometimes caught young and brought up as cage birds, an easy task if their food includes a supply of raw meat. The heron should, however, be handled with great caution, as it instinctively strikes at the eyes when frightened.

The concert of the countryside will, in a few weeks, be in full swing, and if we listen we shall find that the wren has already begun to sing.

The brambling, which has been described as a black-and-tan edition of the chaffinch, is a regular winter visitor, and flocks are generally seen under the beech trees, for the bird is very fond of the nuts that lie about on the ground. At a distance bramblings look very much like sparrows, but they can be distinguished in various ways, particularly by the conspicuous white patch on the body above the tail.

Feather Collecting

A good hobby for the nature lover in winter is feather collecting. Many specimens may be found, especially where a hawk has dined. Arranged in an album, with a page for each kind of bird, an interesting collection may be made, and a good deal of nature knowledge acquired.

In cellars and damp outhouses, if we move a board or box that has been long standing, we shall probably come across some very tiny shells with thin edges and thick lips. These are the shells of the cellar snail, a very common creature in Great Britain. The shell is a pale horn colour, glossy, and almost transparent. Somewhat similar is the green-glass snail, another tiny variety. Though the shell is very thin the creature is exceedingly hardy, and may often be seen crawling about in the open in the severest weather. C. R.

ANCIENT BATTLE AXE

Not long ago a landslide in Glen Innes, New South Wales, uncovered a battle axe which had been covered up by a mountain of earth for thousands of years. The axe, with a ten-inch blade like a razor, was made of stone, weighed eleven pounds, and was presumably used by a man of gigantic stature. It is now in the Australian museum.

WILL 1920 BRING BACK PLENTY?



New Year, be good to England. Bid her name
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea

JOKE THAT FAILED

Great Man and the Merry Boys

A respected correspondent sends us a reminder of how the great naturalist Cuvier turned the edge of a practical joke. No animal that has horns is a flesh-eater. All are grass-eaters—or, as learned men call it, *graminivorous*.

Cuvier was staying in a country house when some of his mischievous companions put huge horns on their heads, dressed themselves in white, and woke him up by shambling round his bed and saying, "I'll eat you!"

Cuvier sat up calmly and replied: "You can't; it is impossible. You have horns. You are *graminivorous*."

PEACE USE FOR WARSHIPS

New Idea from the Orkneys

The people of Orkney have thought of a splendid use for German battleships. They have asked that a surrendered Dreadnought should be filled with cement and sunk at the entrance of the Bay of Skail, on the coast of Pomona, or Mainland, which is the largest of their islands.

Here there is a shallow reef which is at present a danger to navigation, but if a loaded warship could be sunk at the spot it would form an excellent breakwater and make a valuable harbour for a fishing fleet.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from January 4.

Black figures indicate next day.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	8.8 a.m.	8.7 a.m.	8.6 a.m.
Sunset ..	4.2 p.m.	4.4 p.m.	4.8 p.m.
Moonrise ..	2.59 p.m.	5.29 p.m.	9.22 p.m.
Moonset ..	7.14 a.m.	8.37 a.m.	9.55 a.m.
High Tide ..	12.19 p.m.	2.9 p.m.	4.32 p.m.

Next
Week's
Moon



NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

If frosty, wheel manure to where it will be required, keeping it in a heap.

Deep cultivation is essential for good vegetables. Perform the trenching, leaving the surface soil rough and open to the weather.

Clean and fork lightly the ground between the rows of strawberries, and then mulch with dung. Make cuttings of gooseberries and currants.

ARABS WANT A MAN

MESOPOTAMIA CALLS FOR COKKOS

Native Trust in an English Gentleman

CHARACTER TELLS

There is a cry from Mesopotamia for Cokkos. Who is "Cokkos"? And who is wanting him?

"Cokkos" is the Arab pronunciation of the English name Cox, and Cokkos is Sir Percy Cox, our British ambassador in Persia. And it is the whole Arab race in Mesopotamia, from the Persian Gulf up to the sources of the Tigris, that is calling out, "Give us back Cokkos!"

Tribal sheikhs, numbering 271 in one district, 160 in another, 400 notables and merchants in another, and all the sheikhs of still another district, have signed addresses representing more than two million people who say that the ruler they want in Mesopotamia is Sir Percy Cox.

They acknowledge themselves to be "a faithless and hypocritical nation," and they do not want one of themselves for an Emir or King. Whoever was chosen would be received with jealousy, and "we should remain disputing with each other till we died," they say.

Tribute to a Man

Then there follows this wonderful tribute to the man who has been Chief British Political Officer in Mesopotamia:

"Our last request, which is the most important one, is that the affairs of Irak may be managed by his Honour Sir Percy Cox, whom we love from the bottom of our hearts, and from whom during this war we have experienced nothing but justice, kindness, benevolence, and perfect goodness. We request the British Government to return him to us and to our brethren in Irak. We do not want a king to reign over us, but a man well qualified for that post."

Never in the whole story of British government of other races has there been a higher tribute than that to the British sense of justice. Some stay-at-home Britishers may pretend to doubt the value of British influence throughout the world, but the struggling and rising and aspiring people who have strength and character, as these Arabs have, know and feel the truth.

Great British Qualities

Long British training in uprightness, honesty, and fairness, a mingling of firmness with kindness, make themselves felt along all the world's frontiers of civilisation, where modern science is jostling against the traditions left by ancient tyrannies and superstitions; and it is character, built on the firm foundation of justice, that is felt instinctively to be a centre round which all that is good can rally.

It is so with General Percy Cox; it has been the same with Colonel Lawrence, the remarkable British leader of the Arabs farther to the west and north, whose amazing life-story is told with fine pictures in the February number of My Magazine. Cox and Lawrence together show that today, not less than in the past, personality is the most powerful influence in human affairs.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Anschutz	Ahn-shootz
Cimabue	Chee-mah-booy
Gapelle	Gap-el
Giotto	Jee-ot-oh
Ischia	Ees-kee-ah
Medici	Med-ee-chee
Smethwick	Smeth-ick
Zimbabwe	Zeem-bahb-way

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Les épingles Le portrait Le chou

Les épingles sont très utiles.
C'est le portrait de ma cousine.
Le chou est un excellent légume.

UN CHEF-D'OEUVRE

Un riche seigneur avait commandé à un peintre quatre tableaux. Ils devaient être terminés à une date fixée à l'avance.

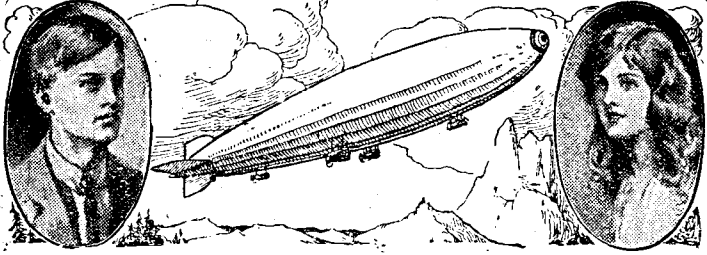
Lorsque le seigneur se présenta chez le peintre pour prendre livraison des quatre chefs-d'oeuvre, il fut fort étonné de n'en voir que trois. La quatrième toile était absolument intacte.

"C'est bien simple," lui dit le peintre. "Ce tableau représente Le Passage de la Mer Rouge. La mer s'est retirée, les Israélites ont passé, et les Egyptiens ne sont pas encore arrivés."

SWIMMING IN HANDCUFFS

Two prisoners who escaped from the police at Smethwick swam across the canal while still handcuffed.

THE SKY RIDERS.



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

CHAPTER 39

A Sight of the Enemy

"AND now we know where we are," said Tim, with a sigh of relief.

Cyril did not answer. He was staring with puckered brow out across the great sheet of water. It was even larger than he had thought, for the trees on the far side looked quite tiny. Its colour was greenish blue, and it was evidently of immense depth.

"It's the crater of a dead volcano," he said thoughtfully.

"Not so dead, maybe," returned Tim, and pointed as he spoke to a plume of feathery vapour which rose at a little distance to the left.

"A hot spring!" exclaimed Cyril. "Let's have a look at it."

The spring spouted up from a small cone of whitish limestone, and fell into a basin so round and perfect it looked as if it had been carved by man's hand. Trickling over the edge of this, it ran in a dainty little stream down to the lake below.

"Hot wather on tap. All modern conveniences," said Tim, with a grin.

Cyril looked longingly at the clear water.

"Tim, do you think it would be safe to bathe? We haven't had a wash for forty-eight hours."

"Sure, it would be just as safe as what we are doing," responded Tim. "Strip and get in wid ye. I'll kape a watch."

"Let's hope it will turn out better than our last bathe," said Cyril, rather grimly. He was thinking of the time the Touaregs had swept down on them. That was four days ago, but it seemed like four years.

There was a tiny pool just below the terrace. The water was about six feet deep, clear as crystal, the colour of a thrush's egg. Cyril felt it with his hand. It was hot, but not too hot, and in a trice he had slipped off his clothes and slid in.

He drew a long breath of pure delight.

"Tim, it's wonderful!" he said. "Puts new life into you. My word, if we had this spring in England it would be worth a fortune!"

There was a rather twisted smile on Tim's lips.

"It's a dish of bacon and eggs I made to put new life into me," he remarked.

Cyril laughed out.

"You're a greedy pig, Tim. After all, we did have a breakfast."

"I'd feel happier if I knew where supper was coming from," said Tim. "And now, if ye've had enough, I'll be thyring your warm bath."

Cyril came out, and Tim went in. "I'll not be denying it's fine wather," he admitted.

"It's wonderful!" declared Cyril. "I feel fifty per cent. better already. It's taken the bruises and stiffness out like magic."

"But not the hungry feeling out of me," returned Tim ruefully, as he splashed about. "It's meself is wondhering where our supper's coming from."

"I thought we'd agreed that Kent was to provide that."

Tim climbed out of the pool, and dried himself with a handkerchief.

"Sure I know we talked that way, Cyril," he answered soberly;

"but, after all, we're not quite crazy. In the first place, we haven't the least notion where to look for the spalpeen, and even if we find him, what'll we do widout guns, or so much as a knife between the two of us?"

"I'll allow it's a bit of a teaser," Cyril replied; "but it seems to me we've got no choice. I don't suppose you feel like facing those cannibals any more than I do, and there's no way out of the mountain without passing through them. Another thing, we can't be far off Kent's place. You know his airship is on this side of the lake. Seems to me the best thing we can do is to work along the edge of the lake till we see the airship. Then we shall know where we are."

Tim shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe we will, maybe we won't. But 'tis as good a plan as any. Come on, then."

They went very carefully. Always at the back of their minds was the feeling that those filed-tooth cannibals might swoop down upon them. Even so, the forest was so wonderfully lovely that they could not help stopping sometimes to admire it.

The trees were magnificent. They soared up a couple of hundred feet or more, and the trunks of some were ten feet through. From their branches hung creepers covered with the most gorgeous purple flowers with yellow or black centres, and higher up great air plants and orchids hung.

Immense butterflies, looking as if they were cut out of blue silk and gold tissue, floated by. There were birds, too, of gorgeous plumage, and of sorts which Cyril had never seen before.

"'Tis fairyland, as ye said," remarked Tim. "If only we cud get rid of thim black fairies."

"We've got to get rid of Kent first," answered Cyril, as he pushed through a thick line of bush which barred his way.

Then he stopped short.

"There he is," he remarked quietly.

"Is it Kent, ye mane?" questioned Tim, coming up quickly behind.

"Kent himself," replied Cyril quietly. "There—on the pontoon. Do you see?"

"You're right!" gasped Tim, staring.

CHAPTER 40

The Crooked House

THEY had come out quite suddenly on the eastern edge of the bay which they had seen three evenings earlier from the observation platform of the Avenger, and found themselves among the trees on a low bank facing the inlet.

Exactly opposite, and apparently not more than two hundred and fifty yards away, lay a great pontoon built of logs and anchored close to the opposite shore, on which reposed Kent's airship. And standing on the pontoon, but with his back to the watchers, was a hulking figure in a white suit.

Tim stood glaring at Stella's kidnapper. Then he turned to Cyril.

"If I only had a rifle!" he groaned.

"But we couldn't shoot him in cold blood," remonstrated Cyril.

"Is my blood could, do ye think, whin I look at that blackguard and thafe?" retorted Tim fiercely. "Faith, 'tis boiling it is in my veins this minute."

"We haven't got rifles, so we must find some other way," said Cyril quietly. "Keep down, Tim. He mustn't see us."

"No, but we'll see him, and what skunk's hole he hides in," growled Tim. Cyril had never seen the Irish boy so stirred.

Crouching in the bushes they watched, and saw Kent walk all around his airship, apparently examining her to see that all was right. Seemingly satisfied, he got into a small boat and pulled back up the inlet.

Now Cyril and Tim saw what—in their eager watch on Kent—they had not noticed before. This was a great mass of building at the inner end of the small bay, an enormously solid and heavy building of huge stones, partly ruinous and evidently very ancient.

Strange it was to see such a gigantic work of masonry in this forsaken spot, but stranger still was the fact that the whole vast pile lay at a slope, so that half of it was actually under water, and the whole thing had a curious appearance of being about to slide bodily into the lake.

Cyril stared at it for several seconds.

"Why," he said slowly, "it's Assyrian. It's just like a picture I've seen of an old Assyrian temple. Look at those thick, short columns, and the queer beasts carved on them."

"Syrian, is it?" replied Tim. "Sure, I hardly thought Kent cud have built it in the time!"

In spite of everything, Cyril smiled.

"My dear Tim, the people who built that have been dead two thousand years—perhaps three. But think what a piece of luck for Kent! It's a regular fort!"

"Wid the front door under wather. Deed, but I'd hate to live in a place like that. I'd feel as if I'd be dhrowned in me bed."

"The landlip's an old one. I dare say it's been like that for hundreds of years. Let's see how he gets into it."

Kent pulled to the right, and he and his boat vanished into an opening. The boys waited, but there was no sign of his return—no sign of movement of any kind.

Complete silence had fallen on the woods and lake, which slept under the midday blaze of the tropical sun.

At last Tim spoke again.

"'Tis no use waiting here. Let's be going round a bit. If the ould place hasn't a front door, maybe it has a back one."

CHAPTER 41

The Stranger

THIS suggestion sounded reasonable, and, going back a little from the edge of the bay, the pair made their way slowly and cautiously in a wide semi-circle inland. Among the trees the ground was littered with large stones, some of them nearly buried in the ground, and many curiously cut and carved.

"Must have been a regular city here in the old days," said Cyril, in a low voice.

"Sure, I'd give it all for a ham and beef shop," replied Tim, who was always hungry, and who, after all the excitements of the morning, was feeling an aching void beneath his belt. Cyril, too, was hungry, but was too excited and interested to feel it as badly as Tim.

Presently they came upon a ruined wall almost hidden by thick creepers. Bright-coloured lizards lay basking on the hot stones, and a small reddish snake writhed away into the thicket. They found a gap and passed on.

Then Tim, who was leading, stopped short. Cyril saw that he

was peering down into a hole in the ground.

"'Tis another o' thim pit thraps," he said uneasily. "I'd not have thought thim blackmoors would have come so close to Kent's place."

Cyril stepped up to the edge of the hole. It was of a most curious form, being small at the mouth and bulging out below. In fact, it was shaped like a water-bottle. The bottom, which was about ten feet below the level of the ground, was paved with large stones, and the sides were built up of masonry.

"The niggers never made that," said Cyril. "It's a slave pit."

"A slave pit?" repeated Tim, puzzled.

"Yes. I've seen pictures of slave pits found down at Zimbabwe, that ruined city in Rhodesia, and this is just like them. Zimbabwe is supposed to have been built by the Phoenicians, and they used to keep their slaves during the night in pits like these."

Tim grunted.

"A swate lot they must have been!"

"No worse than Kent," said Cyril. "I say, there's a break in the trees just beyond. Go quietly."

Sure enough, they were on the very edge of a clearing—quite a recent clearing, too, for the bare and jagged stumps of newly-cut trees stuck up in every direction, and there were dark patches here and there where the branches had been piled and burnt.

The clearing was about a hundred yards wide, and in full sight on the far side was the same monstrous pile of buildings which they had seen already, only now they were looking at the back of them instead of the front. Now that they were closer, they could see more plainly the massive character of the masonry.

Each stone would have been a big load for a railway truck. What was more, they were so beautifully joined that the lines between them were only just visible.

"There's the back door all right," observed Tim, pointing to a wide square doorway with pylons thick as a great tree-trunk on either side.

"But no use to us," returned Cyril bitterly. "Look at the barbed wire!"

Sure enough, a fence of six strands of heavy barbed wire, looking ridiculously modern and incongruous amid such surroundings, ran in a great semi-circle through the clearing. It had no gate in it, or opening of any sort.

Tim stared at it in silence for a while.

"And what'll we do now?" he asked disgustedly.

"Wait till dark," replied Cyril.

"And where will we wait?"

"I'll show you," came a deep voice, and both boys, swinging round with startled faces, found themselves confronting a complete stranger, a big, gaunt, white man, with a long beard. He wore rather ragged clothes of tropical drill, thick boots and gaiters. On his head was a huge green cork helmet, and he carried a heavy-bored rifle.

"I'll show you," he repeated. "Come with me!"

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is a Caucus? A caucus is a private meeting of the leaders of a political party, usually to arrange a policy or select candidates for an election.

What is Communism? Communism is the political philosophy which teaches that all wealth should be held in common.

What is an Affirmation? This is a declaration that he will tell the truth and the whole truth made in a Court of Law by a person who, for religious or other reasons, objects to take the ordinary oath.

Five-Minute Story

ROWAN-BERRIES

ONCE there was a farmer and his wife who had no peace from the fairies. These mischievous pixie-creatures tormented them night and day, and, though nobody could see them, their tricks about the house almost sent the farmer's poor old wife crazy.

They would skim the cream from the pans in the dairy, take the honey from the hives, unpick the feather-beds, and jog the maid-servant's elbow whenever she carried a precious jar or dish.

Of course, all of this gave great amusement to the fairies, but caused endless annoyance to the farmer's family.

Yet not a word could anyone say, for if evil is spoken of the little people in their hearing more trouble will surely come.

At last they made marbles with the clay from the bottom of the pond, and all the water drained away. It so annoyed the farmer's wife that she resolved to get rid of them if she possibly could.

So she put on her plaid, and tramped across the mountains to visit an old hermit who was famous for his wisdom.

"Here is honey, and the best butter in the islands," she said. "And there will be more if you will help me, for we're plagued to death."

"What ails thee, woman? Rats?" asked the hermit.

"Rats! No!" cried the farmer's wife. "I'd set a trap for rats. It's fairies, drat 'em! And you can't trap a fairy and keep your luck."

"Go home and grow rowan-berries, woman," said the hermit, "and leave me in peace."

"Rowan-berries!" cried the farmer's wife. "And what good would that do, I should like to know?"

"It would please the little creatures," replied the hermit. "They love the gay little scarlet berries better than they love idle tricks, and they'll never plague folk who grow rowan-trees in their gardens."

The farmer's wife trudged home, and told the hermit's tale to her husband.

She never gave him any peace until rowan-trees were growing round the house and the cow-sheds. And, as they grew, sure enough, the fairies left off plaguing the farm with their mischievous tricks.

This is why so many farmers and shepherds in the North—where the pixies still live unafraid among the wild mountains and moors—grow the bright little rowan-berries near their doors and barns, for it pleases the little people to see the bright scarlet berries, and, instead of tormenting and teasing, as pixies will, they bring good luck to the flocks, the barns, and the home.

So those who live where pixies haunt should remember the wise old hermit, and plant rowan-berries near their gates!



Ho, Lads and Lassies, Merry Be



DI MERRYMAN

"WHY did you laugh so heartily at that ancient story Borem was telling?"
 "In self-defence."
 "Self-defence?"
 "Yes. If I hadn't laughed he'd have repeated it, thinking I hadn't seen the point."

The Orderly Orchard

A FRUIT-GROWER, desiring that his new orchard should look neat and orderly, planted nineteen trees in such a way that there were nine rows of five each. How did he do it?

Solution next week

The Poor Hindoo

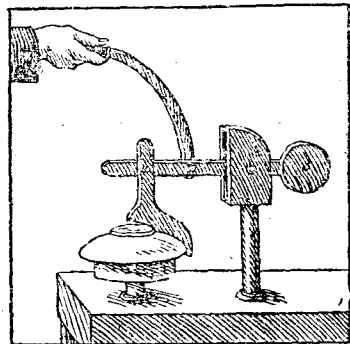
THE poor benighted Hindoo. He does the best he kin do. He sticks to his caste. From first to last, And for clothes he makes his skin do.

Do You Live in Monmouthshire?

THIS is the shire, or county, of Monmouth, which means "at the mouth of the river Monnow." That name is from the Welsh Mynwy, which means kid river, and probably at one time flocks of goats were kept there and gave their name to the district.

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How Is a Saucer Shaped?



A thin disc of prepared clay is pressed on a revolving mould, and a profile tool is pressed upon this to give the desired shape.

Can You Count?

TWO ducks before a duck and two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all?

Answer next week

Is Your Name Hobson?

THIS name, with Hobbs and Hopkins, is really a corruption of Robert, and when the stories of Robin Hood became familiar every young peasant liked to be called Robin, or Robert, after the famous outlaw. Gradually the word in its various forms became a surname and spread about the country.

A Turnip Story

IT was mentioned in an article a few weeks ago that the turnip has never had a poet to celebrate it.

A correspondent now writes to say that this vegetable was the subject of Longfellow's very first attempt at poetry.

When he was a boy his school-master asked the class to write an essay on any subject, and Longfellow could think of nothing, whereupon Mr. Finney, the master, sent him outside to seek inspiration.

Young Longfellow returned shortly after and wrote this poem, much to the amusement of his schoolmaster.

MR. FINNEY had a turnip,
 And it grew behind the barn,
 And it grew, and it grew,
 And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
 Till it could grow no taller,
 And his daughter Lizzie took it
 And she put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
 Till it began to rot,
 Then his daughter Lizzie took it
 And she put it in the pot.

And she boiled it, and she boiled it
 As long as she was able,
 Then his daughter Lizzie took it
 And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
 Both sat down to sup,
 And they ate, and they ate,
 Till they ate the turnip up.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Are These Things?

One arm of a pair of pincers; a harp on the Royal Standard; and the front of a railway engine.

What Is This Name? Anna

Can You Do This Sum? DOOM

Hoity Toity and Molly Cuddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their mother and father. They escape from a gipsy van, Molly having dressed as a boy.

CHAPTER 13

BUT they had not gone far when they had a sudden fright, and, without a word, ran and hid behind a tree against the hedge. For, walking ahead of them, was the tramp again. "Had we better run home, quick?" whispered Molly. "Don't you want to see mother and father?" snapped Hoity. Of course Molly did, so she had nothing more to say. They peeped out now and then, but the tramp walked slowly.



"Keep against the hedge," said Hoity softly



Rags dodged briskly when the man made a kick at him

and the road was long and straight, and before he was out of sight they were alarmed to see Moses coming.

"Keep against the hedge," said Hoity softly, as he came near. "Don't you see the tramp?"

"Who cares?" sneered Moses. "I'm going with you. I've had enough of it. I shan't go back."

"You can come with us, if you like," said Molly, kindly.

"You'll never get to London if I don't," he warned them. "They'll catch you in the village. But I can take you a way round by a field-path right into the Biddicup Road. My Uncle's there. He's going to London, and we can go in his vans."

"Who's your uncle?" demanded Hoity.

"He's got a show, with a giant and a dwarf and a real savage, like you'll see in Africa, and some more."

This was too much for Hoity. "We'll go and see them," he said, and Molly nodded excitedly.

They were so interested that they had not noticed a burly man who had been going past and now glared at them.

"Been stealing my dog, have you?" he growled.

Molly found that Rags was crouching beside her.

"We did not steal him," she said gently. "He was lost."

"Lost, was he?" snarled the man. "I'll teach him to lose himself. Come here, you! D'y'er hear, come here!"

Poor Rags shivered and hesitated, and then made nervously towards him, but dodged briskly when he made a kick at him.

"Home!" the man commanded angrily, and, hanging his head sadly, Rags trotted off in front of him.

"Don't hit him, please," cried Molly.

"Won't I!" laughed the man. "Think yourselves lucky if I don't give you half what he's going to get!"

More of Hoity Toity next week



The next boy landed with a splash in the water

Who Was He?

A Man Who Went On

THERE is a city on the banks of a river in America called Albany, and into its harbour one day, about a hundred years ago, there sailed a ship that caused a great commotion.

All the ships that sailed the seas in those days were sailing ships; this little boat had no sails—it was propelled by steam. It was the first successful steamship that had ever been made.

As she lay in the harbour a gentleman went up to the captain, and asked if the boat were returning to New York. He was told that it was.

"Can I have a passage?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"What is your charge?"

The captain hesitated, and, after a little, said: "Six dollars."

The money was counted out and laid in his hand; but the captain stared at it so curiously that the gentleman asked:

"Have I made a mistake? I thought you said six dollars."

"So I did," replied the captain. "It is not the money, but the significance of it, that concerns me"; and then he added:

"This is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I should like to order a little lunch to commemorate the event, but I am too poor."

Years after the two met again. The boat, greatly improved and renamed, was then travelling regularly between New York and Albany, and the gentleman made another voyage in her.

The captain greeted him warmly, and invited him into his cabin. They spoke of their previous meeting, and after the captain had ordered lunch—"a pleasure," he remarked, with a smile, "that need no longer be deferred"—he went on to speak of his early struggles, and of his final triumph.

It was a wonderful story. He was born in Pennsylvania, and, after some training as an artist, he turned his attention to mechanical things, and began to study the steam-engine.

He went to France, and made such headway there with his inventions that he was able to lay before Napoleon plans for a project that the Emperor said "seemed capable of changing the face of the world."

His schemes included not only steamships, but submarines and torpedoes as well. Yet nothing came of it all.

Success came slowly, but it came at last, and it is to this man that we are chiefly indebted for the wonderful floating palaces that sail the seas today. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Empress Maria Theresa



Jacko Plays Leapfrog

JACKO, you may be surprised to hear, was in a very mischievous mood.

He had been turned out of the house. And no wonder—for since breakfast he had teased the Baby and made him cry pinched the cat's tail, and trodden, though quite by accident, on his father's gouty toe. Whereupon his father had boxed his ears, called him a clumsy lout, and said:

"Be off with you! Go and find some of your friends. You're like a plague of mosquitoes."

So off Jacko went.

The boys were playing quietly enough till he came out—playing rounders on the green. But rounders was much too tame for Master Jacko that morning.

"Let's play leapfrog!" he shouted. And over they all dashed to where he stood by the pond, with his back humped, and his head down, and his bright eyes twinkling up at them.

"Come on!" he cried. And on they came, running and leaping, one after the other, never suspecting for a moment what was in his mind. But they soon found out.

"Hurry up!" Jacko kept crying; and when they had got up a fine speed, running round and round him in a little circle, he edged nearer and nearer to the pond, till at last, just at the right moment, the young rascal turned suddenly, and faced it.

Up came the next boy, shouting and laughing, took a flying leap, and landed with a splash in the water!

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

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INVENTOR'S ARMS FOR ARMLESS MEN · WONDERFUL SEA-LION · DR. EINSTEIN



Tom Thumb with his wife, who died the other day—From a photograph taken at the height of the little man's fame



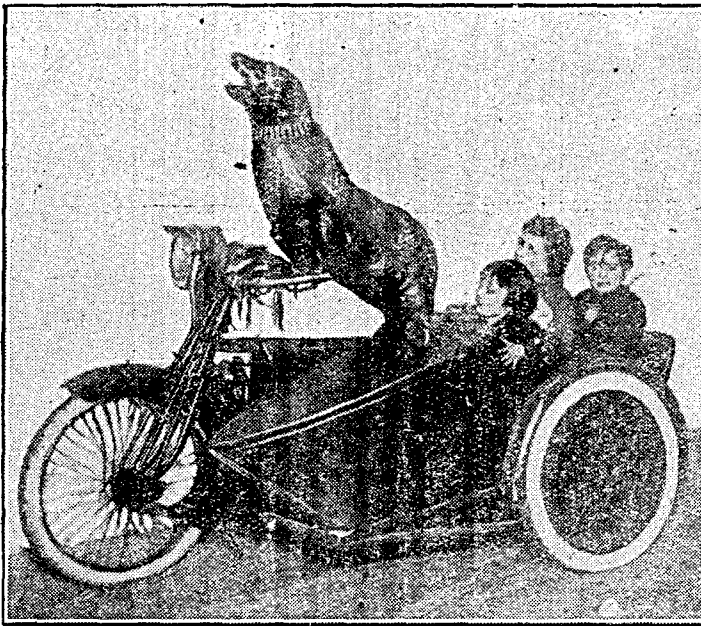
The armless boy artist at Chailey Cripple School who paints pictures with his feet. See below



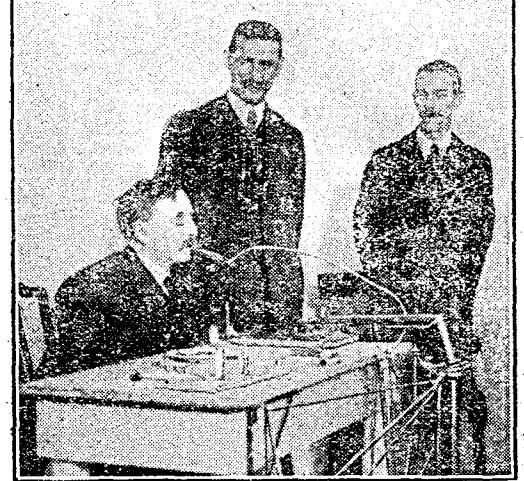
Landscape painted by the armless boy at the Heritage Craft School at Chailey, Sussex. See page seven



The snow baby in Switzerland—A little girl taking a sun-bath at the foot of the Alps, where the winter sunshine is quite warm



A sea-lion driving a motor—A clever animal now performing at the great Olympia Circus in London



Arms for the armless—Mr. Thomson demonstrating his invention for enabling armless men to use their feet as hands. See page seven



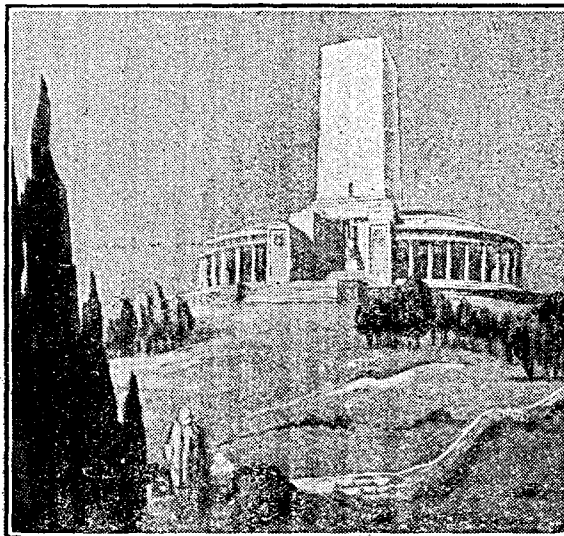
The dog that found the boy below, who had been lost for two days, as told last week



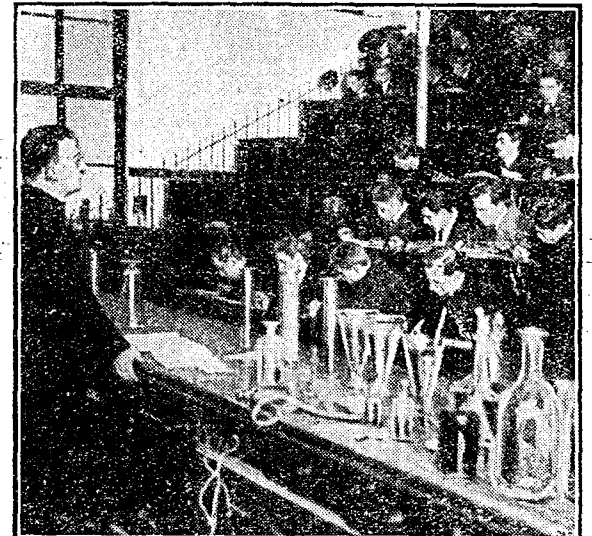
Reggie Swale, lost in a field for two days and saved by the retriever shown above



Professor Einstein, the Swiss scientist who discovered that light bends on its way past the sun



The impressive memorial which it is proposed to erect in memory of British soldiers on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem



Back again—Students in the lecture-room of Louvain University, which has just restarted after the war